Chas. Brown.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF EDMUND SPENSER.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF MR. UPTON, &c.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Goe, little Booke! thyself present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the President
Of Noblenesse and Chivalrie——
And, asked who thee forth did bring?
A shepheard's swaine say did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde:
And when his Honor hath thee redde,
Crave pardon for thy hardy-head——
And when thou art past jeopardie,
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee. SPENSER TO HIS BOOKE.

VOL. V.

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BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

1788.

LIV.

As when a falcon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a flush of ducks foreby the brooke,
The trembling foule, dismayd with dreadful sight
Of death, the which them almost overtooke,
Doe hide themselves from her astonying looke
Amongst the flags and covert round about;
When Talus saw they all the field forsooke,
And none appear'd of all that raskall rout,
To Artegall he turn'd, and went with him throughout.

In after time a Sage of nickle lore,
Yclep'd Typographus, the Giant took
And did refit his limbs as heretofore,
And made him read in many a learned book
And into many a lively legend look;
Thereby in goodly themes so training him,
That all his brutishness he quite forsook
When meeting Artegall and Talus slain,
The one he struck stone blind, the other (eyes wox dim.

John Keats.
1820.

BOOK V. CANTO III.

The spousals of faire Florimell,
Where turney many knights;
There Braggadochio is uncas'd
In all the ladies sights.

I.

After long stormes and tempests over-blowne,
The sunne at length his ioyous face doth cleare;
So whenas Fortune all her spight hath showne,
Some blisfull houres at last must needes appeare,
Else should afflicted wights oft-times despeire:
So comes it now to Florimell by tourne,
After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,
In which captiv'd she many moneths did mourne,
To tast of ioy, and to wont pleasures to retourne:

II.

Who being freed from Proteus' cruell band
By Marinell was unto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie Land,
Where he her spous'd, and made his ioyous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and wide,
And solemne feastes and giusts ordain'd therefore,
To which there did resort from every side
Of lords and ladies infinite great store;
Ne any knight was absent that brave courage bore.